Cref. Blind feare that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing, then blind reason, stumbling without feare: to feare the worst oft cures the worse.

Troy. O let my Lady apprehend no feare,
In all *Cupids* pageant there is presented no monster.

Cref. Nor nothing monstrous neither.

Troy. Nothing but our undertakings, when wee vow to weepe seas, liue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers, thinking it harder for our mistresse to deuise imposition ynough then for vs to vndergoe any difficulty imposed.
This the monstruosity in loue Lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confind, that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slaue to lymite.

Cref. They say all louers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet reserue an ability that they neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection often: and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares are they not monsters?

Troy. Are there such: such are not we; Praise vs as wee are tasted, allow vs as we proue: our head shall goe bare till merit louer part no affection in reuersion shall haue a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and being borne, his addition shall bee humble: few wordes to faire faith. *Troylus* shall be such to *Cressid*, as what enuy can say worst shall bee a mocke for his truth, and what truth can speake truest not truer then *Troylus*.

Cref. Will you walke in my Lord?

Pand. What blushing still, haue you not done talking yet?

Cref. VVell Vncle what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Pand. I thanke you for that, if my Lord gette a boy of you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch chide me for it.

Troy: You know now your hostages, your Vncles word and my firme faith.

Pand. Nay Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they bee woed, they are constant

being

being wonne, they are
where they are throwne.
Cref. Bouldnesse com
Prince *Troylus* I haue lo
weary moneths.
Troy: Why was my C
Cref: Hard to seeme w
With the first glance; tha
If I confesse much you wi
I loue you now, but till n
But I might maister it; in
My thoughts were like
Too headstrong for thei
VVhy haue I blab'd: wh
VVhen we are so vnsecr
But though Ioue'd you
And yet good faith I wis
Or that we women had
Of speaking first. Sweet
For in this rapture I shall
The thing I shall repent
Comming in dumbnesse
My very soule of counce
Troy: And shall, albe
Pand. Pretty yfaith.
Cref. My Lord I doe
Twas not my purpose th
I am asham'd; O Heaue
For this time will I take
Troy: Your leaue swe
Pan: Leaue: and you
Cref: Pray you conten
Cref sir mine own co
Troy: You cannot shun
Cref: Let me goe and
I haue a kind of selfe re
But an vnkinde selfe, th
To be anothers foole.